

1841

Master Humphrey's Clock: Barnaby Rudge: Part 52

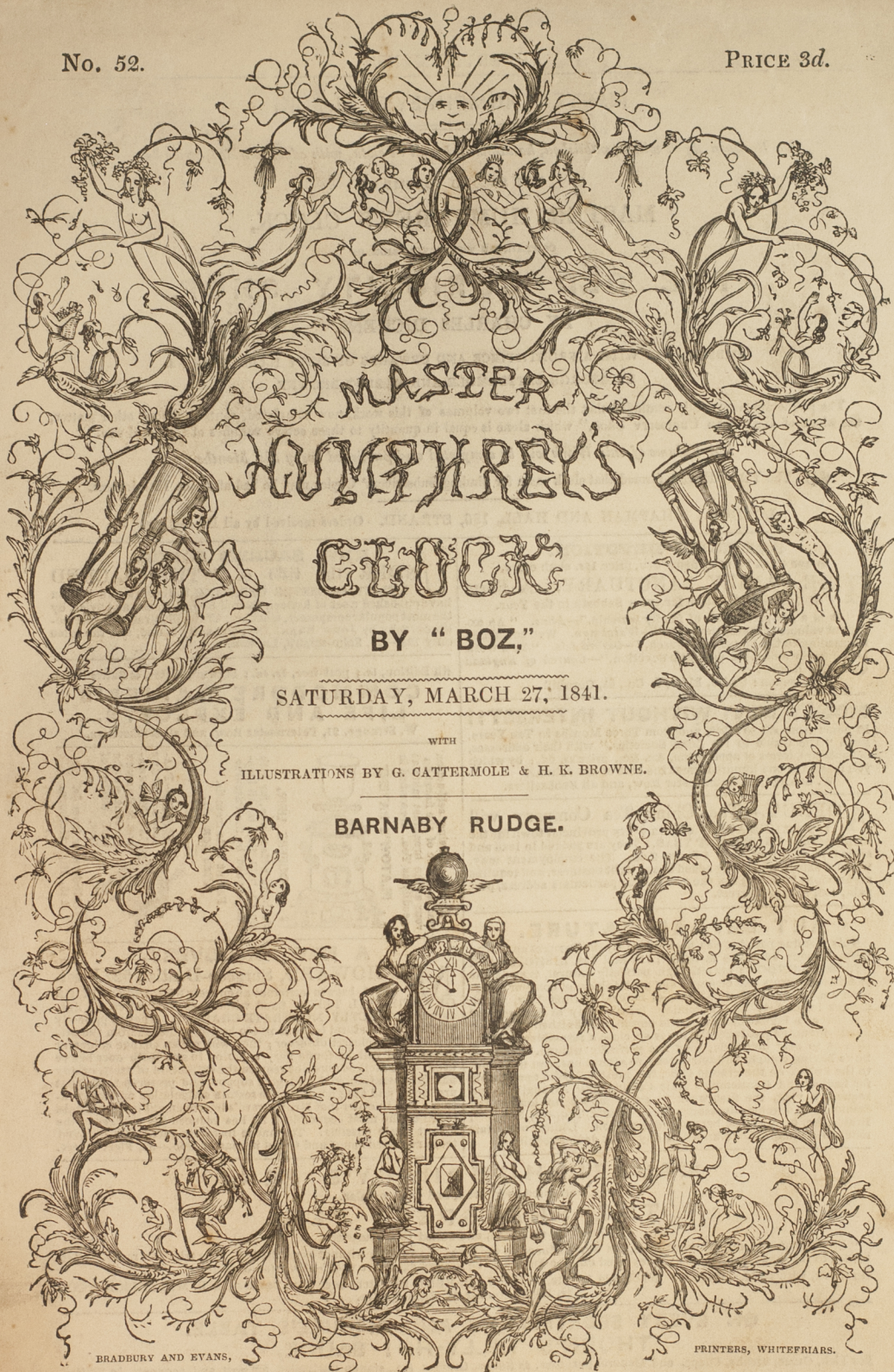
Charles Dickens

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.wpi.edu/barnabyrudge>

Recommended Citation

Dickens, Charles, "Master Humphrey's Clock: Barnaby Rudge: Part 52" (1841). *Barnaby Rudge*. 7.
<https://digitalcommons.wpi.edu/barnabyrudge/7>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Novels at Digital WPI. It has been accepted for inclusion in Barnaby Rudge by an authorized administrator of Digital WPI. For more information, please contact digitalwpi@wpi.edu.



SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1841.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. CATTERMOLE & H. K. BROWNE.

BARNABY RUDGE.

BRADBURY AND EVANS,

PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND;

J. MENZIES, Edinburgh; J. FINLAY & Co., Glasgow; L. SMITH, Aberdeen; S. J. MACHEN & Co., Dublin; SIMMS & DINHAM, Manchester; WARRING WEBB, Liverpool; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; S. SIMMS & SON, Bath; LIGHT & RIDLER, Bristol; T. N. MORTON, Boston; H. S. KING, Brighton; G. THOMPSON, Bury; E. JOHNSON, Cambridge; C. THURNAM, Carlisle; J. LEE, Cheltenham; EVANS & DUCKER, Chester; W. EDWARDS, Coventry; W. ROWBOTTOM, Derby; W. BYERS, Devonport; W. T. ROBERTS, Exeter; T. DAVIES, Gloucester; R. CUSSENS, Hull; HENRY SHALDERS, Ipswich; W. REEVE, Leamington; T. HARRISON, Leeds; J. SMITH, Maidstone; FINLAY & CHARLTON, Newcastle-on-Tyne; JARROLD & SON, Norwich; R. MERCER, Nottingham; H. SLATTER, Oxford; P. R. DRUMMOND, Perth; E. NETTLETON, Plymouth; G. LOVEJOY, Reading; BRODIE & Co., Salisbury; JOHN INNOCENT, Sheffield; W. SHARLAND, Southampton; F. MAY, Taunton; A. DRIGHTON, Worcester; W. ALEXANDER, Yarmouth; J. SHILLITO, York; J. B. BROWN, Windsor; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

Early in April will be published, handsomely bound in cloth, with edges marbled, price 8s.,

THE SECOND VOLUME OF

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK,

CONTAINING THE CONCLUSION OF

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FRONTISPIECE AND UPWARDS OF SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY GEORGE CATTERMOLE AND HABLOT BROWNE.

The public are respectfully reminded that the first two volumes of this work, now completed, contain, among other matter, the whole of the "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP," which alone is equal in quantity to three octavo volumes of the usual size.

A Volume of this Work will be completed and published every Six Months.

THE TRADE are informed that cloth cases for binding Subscribers' Copies may be had after the 15th instant.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND. Orders received by all Booksellers.

DOMESTIC DEVOTION.

In one thick volume, demy 8vo, price 15s. cloth extra,

THE FAMILY SANCTUARY. A Form of Domestic Devotion for every Sabbath in the Year.

"It is a complete book of family worship."—*Atlas*. "An excellent volume of family devotion."—*Watchman*. Well calculated for reading to the household church."—*Oxford Isis*. "This work is admirably suited for domestic devotion."—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 65, Cornhill.

MONEY LENT WITHOUT INTEREST!!

In sums from £5 to £300, and from Three Months to Ten Years. Read "The Guide to 100 Loan Societies," with their addresses, office-hours, forms of application, &c. &c., price 2s. 6d.; by which you may save one hundred times the cost of the volume.

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row, and all Booksellers.

AGENCY.—The China Tea Company will appoint ONE AGENT only in every provincial town for the SALE of their EXCELLENT TEAS. They are packed in lead and sealed, in packages from 1 lb. to 2 oz. The employment may, without expense, be easily added to any light business, and requires no previous knowledge of the trade. For particulars address, post paid, 106, Newgate-street.

ART BEFORE NATURE.

This seeming paradox has been solved by the Perukes and Head Dresses made by ROSS & SONS, 119 and 120, BISHOPSGATE STREET, LONDON; for although perfectly natural, they at the same time possess that elegance and gracefulness of contour otherwise unattainable. Being made of natural curling hair, which always looks easy and becoming, (particularly in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Perukes,) being quite porous, and finished with their newly-invented partings, the latter so close a resemblance to the skin as to defy detection, they are perfectly unique. Ross & Sons having completed their extensive alterations, can now offer to the Public, on the ground floor, the most splendid apartments for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair Cutting and Arranging; and request a visit, the first week in every month, to inspect the fashions. An immense assortment of Fronts, Toupees, Ringlets, Braids, &c. of the most beautiful description. Ladies' own Hair made into Chains, Love-knots, or any other device required.

NEW SACRED SONGS.

UNDER the title of "THE SACRED LYRIST, an EASTER OFFERING," Jefferys and Nelson have published a set of Sixteen Sacred Songs, Duets, and Trios, by the most popular composers, most beautifully illustrated in chromolithography by JOHN BRANDARD, elegantly bound, and the price only 12s.—21, Soho-square, London.

4th Edition, 1s.; post-free, 1s. 4d.; Portrait, Plates, & Battle Plans.

COMMODORE NAPIER'S LIFE AND EXPLOITS.

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row, and all Booksellers.

By its amusing self-action makes Coffee of the finest flavor at the breakfast table as speedily as Tea. Described in



PLATOW'S PATENT COFFEE URN.

Mechanick Magazine, for 14th May 1860, p. 640. Invented by Messrs. Plattow and Co. and by the Patentee Patent Pots from 6s. Urns from £1.



GAS—PLATTOW'S PATENT MODERATOR. TOR & BURNER prevent smoke and waste of Gas.

Moderator from 6s. 14s., High Holborn.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

MR. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, begs to introduce an entirely NEW DESCRIPTION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures, at STRICTLY MODERATE CHARGES. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer; they will never change colour or decay, and will be found very superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, and will give support and preserve teeth that are loose, and are guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication; and in order that Mr. Howard's improvement may be within reach of the most economical, he has reduced his charges to the lowest scale possible. Toothache instantly cured, and decayed teeth rendered sound and useful in mastication.—52, Fleet Street.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S PEN,

Warranted to go well, and work regular.

THE SHAKSPEARE PEN,

Fitted for all hands, and suited to all purposes.

"From what we heard of these Pens, we were induced to try them, though not without some doubts. The trial was made, and in justice to the maker we must say, they need only be known to be in very extensive use."—*Brighton Gazette*.

On Cards, with Holder, price 1s. Wholesale Agents, SAMUEL GILBERT, 26, Paternoster Row, London; & R. MATTHISON & CO., 71, Edgbaston Street, Birmingham.

ON EVERY SPORTSMAN'S AND EPICURE'S TABLE.

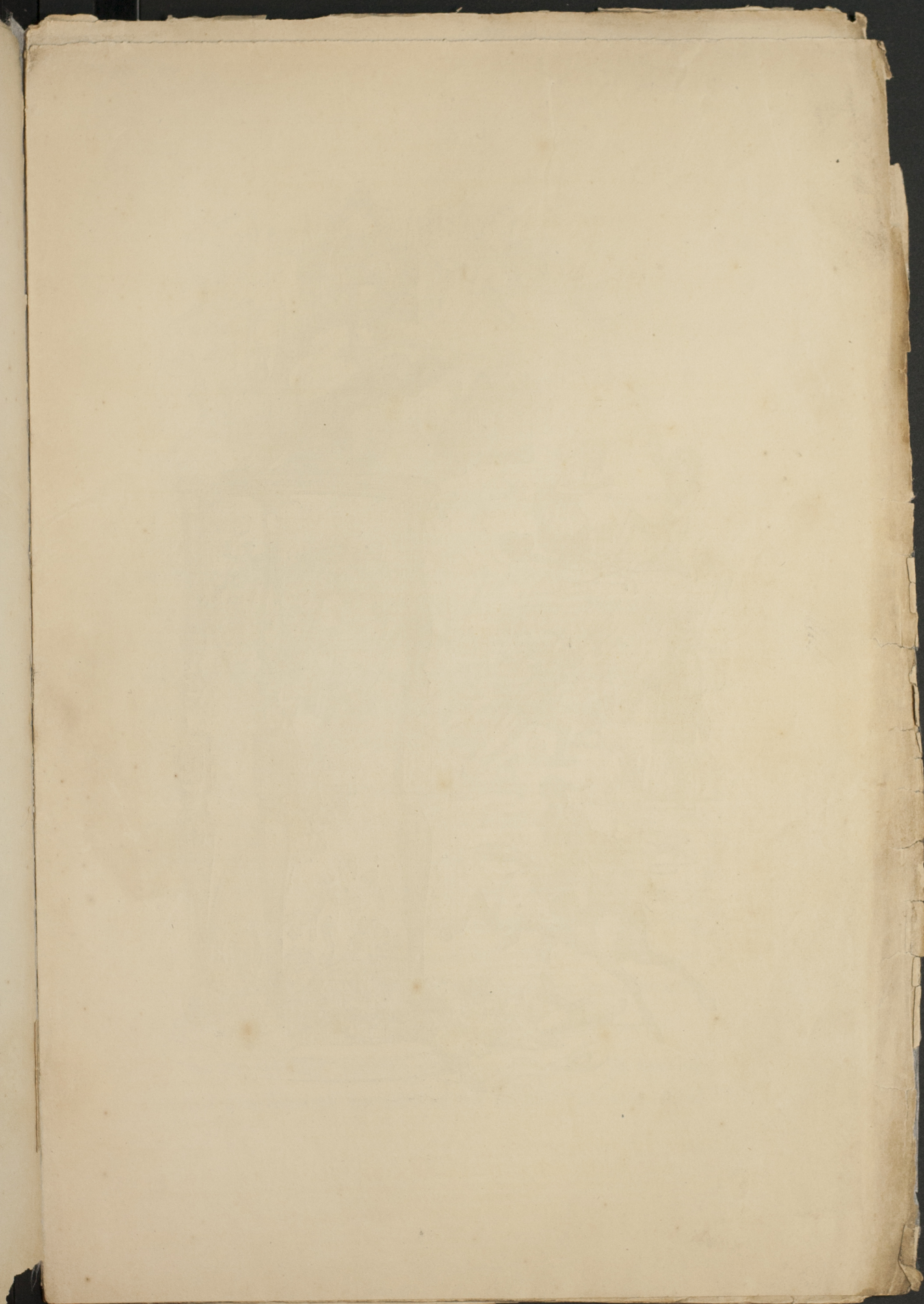
THORN'S TALLY-HO! SAUCE,

For Fish, Game, Steaks, Chops, and General purposes, as Soups, Gravies, &c., stands unrivalled for zest and economy, in Bottles, 2s. and 4s. each. Also,

THORN'S POTTED YARMOUTH BLOATERS,

For Toast, Biscuits, Sandwiches, and as a fine relish for Wine, are allowed by the first Epicures to be the greatest luxury ever prepared. In Pots 1s. and 2s. each. Warehouse, 223, High Holborn; and of all Sauce-vendors.

** BEWARE OF IMPOSITION.





PREFACE.

“AN author,” says Fielding, in his introduction to ‘Tom Jones,’ “ought to consider himself, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemosynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all persons are welcome for their money. Men who pay for what they eat, will insist on gratifying their palates, however nice and whimsical these may prove; and if everything is not agreeable to their taste, will challenge a right to censure, to abuse, and to damn their dinner without control.

“To prevent, therefore, giving offence to their customers by any such disappointment, it hath been usual with the honest and well-meaning host to provide a bill of fare, which all persons may peruse at their first entrance into the house; and having thence acquainted themselves with the entertainment which they may expect, may either stay and regale with what is provided for them, or may depart to some other ordinary better accommodated to their taste.”

In the present instance, the host or author, in opening his new establishment, provided no bill of fare. Sensible of the

difficulties of such an undertaking in its infancy, he preferred that it should make its own way, silently and gradually, or make no way at all. It *has* made its way, and is doing such a thriving business that nothing remains for him but to add, in the words of the good old civic ceremony, now that one dish has been discussed and finished, and another smokes upon the board, that he drinks to his guests in a loving cup, and bids them hearty welcome.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, LONDON,
March, 1841.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THERE was a brief pause in the state-room of the Maypole, as Mr. Haredale tried the lock to satisfy himself that he had shut the door securely, and, striding up the dark chamber to where the screen inclosed a little patch of light and warmth, presented himself, abruptly and in silence, before the smiling guest.

If the two had no greater sympathy in their inward thoughts than in their outward bearing and appearance, the meeting did not seem likely to prove a very calm or pleasant one. With no great disparity between them in point of years, they were, in every other respect, as unlike and far removed from each other as two men could well be. The one was soft-spoken, delicately made, precise, and elegant; the other, a burly square-built man, negligently dressed, rough and abrupt in manner, stern, and, in his present mood, forbidding both in look and speech. The one preserved a calm and placid smile; the other, a distrustful frown. The new-comer, indeed, appeared bent on showing by his every tone and gesture his determined opposition and hostility to the man he had come to meet. The guest who received him, on the other hand, seemed to feel that the contrast between them was all in his favour, and to derive a quiet exultation from it which put him more at his ease than ever.

"Haredale," said this gentleman, without the least appearance of embarrassment or reserve, "I am very glad to see you."

"Let us dispense with compliments. They are misplaced between us," returned the other, waving his hand, "and say plainly what we have to say. You have asked me to meet you. I am here. Why do we stand face to face again?"

"Still the same frank and sturdy character I see!"

"Good or bad, sir, I am" returned the other, leaning his arm upon the chimney-piece, and turning a haughty look upon the occupant of the easy-chair, "the man I used to be. I have lost no old likings or dislikings; my memory has not failed me by a hair's-breadth. You ask me to give you a meeting. I say, I am here."

"Our meeting, Haredale," said Mr. Chester, tapping his snuff-box, and following with a smile the impatient gesture he had made—perhaps unconsciously—towards his sword, "is one of conference and peace, I hope?"

"I have come here," returned the other, "at your desire, holding myself bound to meet you, when and where you would. I have not come to bandy pleasant speeches, or hollow professions. You are a smooth man of the world, sir, and at such play have me at a disadvantage. The very last man on this earth with whom I would enter the lists to combat with gentle compliments and masked faces, is Mr. Chester, I do assure you. I am not his match at such weapons, and have reason to believe that few men are."

"You do me a great deal of honour, Haredale," returned the other, most composedly, "and I thank you. I will be frank with you—"

"I beg your pardon—will be what?"

"Frank—open—perfectly candid."

"Hah!" cried Mr. Haredale, drawing in his breath with a sarcastic smile.

"But don't let me interrupt you."

"So resolved am I to hold this course," returned the other, tasting his wine with great deliberation, "that I have determined not to quarrel with you, and not to be betrayed into a warm expression or a hasty word."

"There again," said Mr. Haredale, "you will have me at a great advantage. Your self-command—"

"Is not to be disturbed, when it will serve my purpose, you would say"—rejoined the other, interrupting him with the same complacency. "Granted. I allow it. And I have a purpose to serve now. So have you. I am sure our object is the same. Let us attain it like sensible men, who have ceased to be boys some time.—Do you drink?"

"With my friends," returned the other.

"At least," said Mr. Chester, "you will be seated?"

"I will stand," returned Mr. Haredale impatiently, "on this dismantled, beggared hearth, and not pollute it, fallen as it is, with mockeries. Go on!"

"You are wrong, Haredale" said the other, crossing his legs, and smiling as he held his glass up in the bright glow of the fire. "You are really very wrong. The world is a lively place enough, in which we must accommodate ourselves to circumstances, sail with the stream as glibly as we can, be content to take froth for substance, the surface for the depth, the counterfeit for the real coin. I wonder no philosopher has ever established that our globe itself is hollow. It should be, if Nature is consistent in her works."

"You think it is, perhaps?"

"I should say," he returned, sipping his wine, "there could be no doubt about it. Well; we, in our trifling with this jingling toy, have had the ill luck to jostle and fall out. We are not what the world calls friends; but we are as good and true and loving friends for all that, as nine out of every ten of those on whom it bestows the title. You have a niece, and I a son—a fine lad, Haredale, but foolish. They fall in love with each other, and form what this same world calls an attachment; meaning a something fanciful and false like all the rest, which, if it took its own free time, would break like any other bubble. But it may not have its own free time—will not, if they are left alone—and the question is, shall we two, because society calls us enemies, stand aloof, and let them rush into each other's arms, when, by approaching each other sensibly, as we do now, we can prevent it, and part them?"

"I love my niece," said Mr. Haredale, after a short silence. "It may sound strangely in your ears; but I love her."

"Strangely, my good fellow!" cried Mr. Chester, lazily filling his glass again, and pulling out his toothpick. "Not at all. I like Ned too—or, as you say, love him—that's the word among such near relations. I'm very fond of Ned. He's an amazingly good fellow, and a handsome fellow—foolish and weak as yet; that's all. But the thing is, Haredale—for I'll be very frank, as I told you I would at first—independently of any dislike that you

and I might have to being related to each other, and independently of the religious differences between us—and damn it, that's important—I couldn't afford a match of this description. Ned and I couldn't do it. It's impossible."

"Curb your tongue, in God's name, if this conversation is to last," retorted Mr. Haredale fiercely. "I have said I love my niece. Do you think that, loving her, I would have her fling her heart away on any man who had your blood in his veins?"

"You see," said the other, not at all disturbed, "the advantage of being so frank and open. Just what I was about to add, upon my honour! I am amazingly attached to Ned—quite doat upon him, indeed—and even if we could afford to throw ourselves away, that very objection would be quite insuperable.—I wish you'd take some wine."

"Mark me," said Mr. Haredale, striding to the table, and laying his hand upon it heavily. "If any man believes—presumes to think—that I, in word, or deed, or in the wildest dream, ever entertained remotely the idea of Emma Haredale's favouring the suit of one who was akin to you—in any way—I care not what—he lies. He lies, and does me grievous wrong, in the mere thought."

"Haredale," returned the other, rocking himself to and fro as in assent, and nodding at the fire, "it's extremely manly, and really very generous in you, to meet me in this unreserved and handsome way. Upon my word, those are exactly my sentiments, only expressed with much more force and power than I could use—you know my sluggish nature, and will forgive me, I am sure."

"While I would restrain her from all correspondence with your son, and sever their intercourse here, though it should cause her death," said Mr. Haredale, who had been pacing to and fro, "I would do it kindly and tenderly if I can. I have a trust to discharge which my nature is not formed to understand, and, for this reason, the bare fact of there being any love between them comes upon me to-night, almost for the first time."

"I am more delighted than I can possibly tell you," rejoined Mr. Chester with the utmost blandness, "to find my own impression so confirmed. You see the advantage of our having met. We understand each other. We quite agree. We have a most complete and thorough explanation, and we know what course to take.—Why don't you taste your tenant's wine? It's really very good."

"Pray who," said Mr. Haredale, "have aided Emma, or your son? Who are their go-betweens, and agents—do you know?"

"All the good people hereabouts—the neighbourhood in general, I think," returned the other, with his most affable smile. "The messenger I sent to you to-day, foremost among them all."

"The idiot? Barnaby?"

"You are surprised? I am glad of that, for I was rather so myself. Yes. I wrung that from his mother—a very decent sort of woman—from whom, indeed, I chiefly learnt how serious the matter had become, and so determined to ride out here to-day, and hold a parley with you on this neutral ground.—You're stouter than you used to be, Haredale, but you look extremely well."

"Our business, I presume, is nearly at an end," said Mr. Haredale, with

an expression of impatience he was at no pains to conceal. "Trust me, Mr. Chester, my niece shall change from this time. I will appeal," he added in a lower tone, "to her woman's heart, her dignity, her pride, her duty"—

"I shall do the same by Ned," said Mr. Chester, restoring some errant faggots to their places in the grate with the toe of his boot. "If there is anything real in the world, it is those amazingly fine feelings and those natural obligations which must subsist between father and son. I shall put it to him on every ground of moral and religious feeling. I shall represent to him that we cannot possibly afford it—that I have always looked forward to his marrying well, for a genteel provision for myself in the autumn of life—that there are a great many clamorous dogs to pay, whose claims are perfectly just and right, and who must be paid out of his wife's fortune. In short, that the very highest and most honourable feelings of our nature, with every consideration of filial duty and affection, and all that sort of thing, imperatively demand that he should run away with an heiress."

"And break her heart as speedily as possible?" said Mr. Haredale, drawing on his glove.

"There Ned will act exactly as he pleases," returned the other, sipping his wine; "that's entirely his affair. I wouldn't for the world interfere with my son, Haredale, beyond a certain point. The relationship between father and son, you know, is positively quite a holy kind of bond.—*Won't* you let me persuade you to take one glass of wine? Well! as you please, as you please," he added, helping himself again.

"Chester," said Mr. Haredale, after a short silence, during which he had eyed his smiling face from time to time intently, "you have the head and heart of an evil spirit in all matters of deception."

"Your health!" said the other, with a nod. "But I have interrupted you—"

"If now," pursued Mr. Haredale, "we should find it difficult to separate these young people, and break off their intercourse—if, for instance, you find it difficult on your side, what course do you intend to take?"

"Nothing plainer, my good fellow, nothing easier," returned the other, shrugging his shoulders and stretching himself more comfortably before the fire. "I shall then exert those powers on which you flatter me so highly—though, upon my word, I don't deserve your compliments to their full extent—and resort to a few little trivial subterfuges for rousing jealousy and resentment. You see?"

"In short, justifying the means by the end, we are, as a last resource for tearing them asunder, to resort to treachery and—and lying," said Mr. Haredale.

"Oh dear no. Fie, fie!" returned the other, relishing a pinch of snuff extremely. "Not lying. Only a little management, a little diplomacy, a little—intriguing, that's the word."

"I wish," said Mr. Haredale, moving to and fro, and stopping, and moving on again, like one who was ill at ease, "that this could have been foreseen or prevented. But as it has gone so far, and it is necessary for us to act, it is

of no use shrinking or regretting. Well! I shall second your endeavours to the utmost of my power. There is one topic in the whole wide range of human thoughts on which we both agree. We shall act in concert, but apart. There will be no need, I hope, for us to meet again."

"Are you going?" said Mr. Chester, rising with a graceful indolence. "Let me light you down the stairs."

"Pray keep your seat," returned the other dryly, "I know the way." So, waving his hand slightly, and putting on his hat as he turned upon his heel, he went clanking out as he had come, shut the door behind him, and tramped down the echoing stairs.

"Pah! A very coarse animal, indeed!" said Mr. Chester, composing himself in the easy chair again. "A rough brute. Quite a human badger!"

John Willet and his friends, who had been listening intently for the clash of swords, or firing of pistols in the great room, and had indeed settled the order in which they should rush in when summoned—in which procession old John had carefully arranged that he should bring up the rear—were very much astonished to see Mr. Haredale come down without a scratch, call for his horse, and ride away thoughtfully at a footpace. After some consideration, it was decided that he had left the gentleman above, for dead, and had adopted this stratagem to divert suspicion or pursuit.

As this conclusion involved the necessity of their going up stairs forthwith, they were about to ascend in the order they had agreed upon, when a smart ringing at the guest's bell, as if he had pulled it vigorously, overthrew all their speculations, and involved them in great uncertainty and doubt. At length Mr. Willet agreed to go up stairs himself, escorted by Hugh and Barnaby, as the strongest and stoutest fellows on the premises, who were to make their appearance under pretence of clearing away the glasses.

Under this protection, the brave and broad-faced John boldly entered the room, half a foot in advance, and received an order for a boot-jack without trembling. But when it was brought, and he leant his sturdy shoulder to the guest, Mr. Willet was observed to look very hard into his boots as he pulled them off, and, by opening his eyes much wider than usual, to appear to express some surprise and disappointment at not finding them full of blood. He took occasion too, to examine the gentleman as closely as he could, expecting to discover sundry loop-holes in his person, pierced by his adversary's sword. Finding none, however, and observing in course of time that his guest was as cool and unruffled, both in his dress and temper, as he had been all day, old John at last heaved a deep sigh, and began to think no duel had been fought that night.

"And now, Willet," said Mr. Chester, "if the room's well aired, I'll try the merits of that famous bed."

"The room, sir," returned John, taking up a candle, and nudging Barnaby and Hugh to accompany them, in case the gentleman should unexpectedly drop down faint or dead, from some internal wound, "the room's as warm as any toast in a tankard. Barnaby, take you that other candle, and go on before. Hugh! Follow up, sir, with the easy-chair."

In this order—and still, in his earnest inspection, holding his candle very close to the guest; now making him feel extremely warm about the legs, now threatening to set his wig on fire, and constantly begging his pardon with great awkwardness and embarrassment—John led the party to the best bed-room, which was nearly as large as the chamber from which they had come, and held, drawn out near the fire for warmth, a great old spectral bedstead, hung with faded brocade, and ornamented, at the top of each carved post, with a plume of feathers that had once been white, but with dust and age had now grown hearse-like and funereal.

“Good night, my friends,” said Mr. Chester with a sweet smile, seating himself, when he had surveyed the room from end to end, in the easy-chair which his attendants wheeled before the fire. “Good night! Barnaby, my good fellow, you say some prayers before you go to bed, I hope?”

Barnaby nodded. “He has some nonsense that he calls his prayers, sir,” returned old John, officiously. “I’m afraid there a’nt much good in ’em.”

“And Hugh?” said Mr. Chester, turning to him.

“Not I,” he answered. “I know his”—pointing to Barnaby—“they’re well enough. He sings ’em sometimes in the straw. I listen.”

“He’s quite a animal, sir,” John whispered in his ear with dignity. “You’ll excuse him, I’m sure. If he has any soul at all, sir, it must be such a very small one, that it don’t signify what he does or doesn’t in that way. Good night, sir!”

The guest rejoined “God bless you!” with a fervour that was quite affecting; and John, beckoning his guards to go before, bowed himself out of the room, and left him to his rest in the Maypole’s ancient bed.

END OF VOL. II.



MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

GEORGE CATTERMOLLE AND HABLLOT BROWNE.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

MDCCCLXII.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY CLOCK

BY CHARLES DICKENS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON:

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

ROBERT CATTING AND JAMES PEARCE

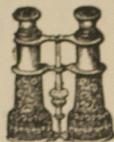
VOL. II

JOHN AND JAMES HARRIS

1854

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THOS.
HARRIS
AND
SON'S



NEW
DOUBLE
OPERA
GLASS.

The most powerful ever made, price £5. 6s. 6d.

Patronised by the Royal Family and the élite of Her Majesty's Theatre. To be had only of THOS. HARRIS & SON, Opticians, No. 52, Great Russell St., OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM, London.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

This Society was established in 1836, for the purpose of affording to persons of moderate income the opportunity of gratifying a love of Art, by means of a small Annual Subscription.

The funds are divided into sums of various amounts, for the purchase of Pictures, Drawings, &c. from the London Exhibitions; a Sum being annually set aside for the purpose of Engraving an approved Picture. Every Subscriber of One Guinea has one chance, by lot, for the sums so appropriated, and one impression of the Engraving.

Mr. C. Landseer's Picture, "The Tired Huntsman," is now engraving, in Line, by Mr. H. C. Shenton, for the Subscribers of the past year.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LISTS FOR 1841 WILL CLOSE ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, THE 31ST INSTANT.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Society's Office, No. 72, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury-square, where the Clerk attends daily, from 12 till 5 o'clock, to receive Subscriptions, and afford any information that may be required.

C. P. DIMOND, Esq., Treasurer.

G. GODWIN, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. } Hon. Secs.

LEWIS POCOCK, Esq., F.S.A. }

(By Order) T. E. JONES, Clerk to the Committee.

V. R. JOSEPH GILLOTT'S very superior PATENT and other METALLIC PENS may be had of all Stationers, Booksellers, and other dealers in Pens throughout the United Kingdom.—The best test of the celebrity which these Pens have attained with the Public is the great and regularly increasing demand for them.—The number of Pens manufactured at the works of JOSEPH GILLOTT,

From Oct. 1837 to Oct. 1838, was 35,808,452
or 2,984,037 2.3rd doz.
or 248,669 gro. 9 doz. 8 pens.
And from Oct. 1838 to Oct. 1839, was 44,654,702
or 3,721,225 2.12th doz.
or 310,102 gro. 1 doz. 2 pens.

Please observe—all the genuine Pens are marked in full, JOSEPH GILLOTT. Wholesale and for Exportation at the manufactories, Victoria Works, Graham-street, & 59, Newhall-street, Birmingham.

"And the nice conduct of a clouded Canoe."—POPE.

P. A. DRESS AND RIDING CANES of the newest and most elegant designs for the present season, at W. & J. SANGSTER'S, Manufacturers to H. R. H. Prince Albert, 140, Regent-street, and 94, Fleet-street.—Wholesale and for exportation.

HARVEY'S FISH SAUCE.

E. LAZENBY and SON, sole Proprietors of the Receipt for this much-esteemed SAUCE, respectfully inform purchasers that each Bottle of the genuine article bears the name of WILLIAM LAZENBY on the back, in addition to the front label used so many years, and signed, ELIZABETH LAZENBY. Warehouse, 6, Edward-street, Portman-square.

CARPET & FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY.—The cheapest House in London for Carpets of the newest designs and best quality, Floor Cloths, Druggets, Quilts, Counterpanes, Blankets, Damasks, Moreens, Table Covers, Rugs, Mats, and Fringes, of every description. ELMEST & KNIGHT, 273, High Holborn, opposite Red Lion-street.

11th MARCH, 1841.

MAXWELL'S PATENT SPRING SPUR SOCKETS.

INJUNCTION.—The Vice-Chancellor has this day granted an Injunction, at the instance of the Patentee, restraining MATTHIAS GRAVES, his servants, workmen, and agents from making, using, or vending the PATENT SPRING SPUR SOCKETS, invented by Mr. MAXWELL. All persons are cautioned against buying, making, using, or vending such Spring Spur Socks as are not manufactured by the Patentee, and marked "Maxwell's Patent, 11, Rupert-street, London."

11, Rupert-street, Coventry-street, London.

PINK CHAMPAGNE.

THE superior quality of R. Howse's CHAMPAGNE having induced many persons to sell an inferior article under the same name, R. H. begs to inform the Public that the only two places where it may be procured in London is, at his own Warehouse, 47, Albany-street, Regent's Park, and at Mr. Mathews's Oil and Italian Warehouse, Hungerford-street, Strand. Country Agents:—Mr. Simmons, Newbury; and Fynmore and Jenner, Reading. Sold at 2s. per dozen, or 27s., bottles included; and is allowed by all to be equal to the finest productions of France. N.B.—Country orders, with remittance enclosed, punctually attended to.

DR. PERRENGTON'S TONIC APERIENT

LIQUEUR, for INDIGESTION. The name of this incomparable medicine is a compendium of its properties. It is a TONIC, containing the concentrated essence of the most valuable INDIGENOUS and EXOTIC INVIGORANTS, strengthening the stomach, sharpening the appetite, exhilarating the spirits, promoting nutrition, and bracing the nerves. As an APERIENT, it acts with the most insurpassable gentleness and cordiality, without griping, nausea, or flatulence, and without leaving the bowels subsequently confined; whilst, to crown the whole, its taste is a combination of the slightest, but FINEST BITTERNESS, with the most exquisite AROMA and DELICATE FLAVOUR that ever met the approbation of the most refined palate.

The following letters and testimonials will satisfy the most scrupulous as to the efficacy of the Tonic Aperient Liqueur:—From the "Medical Observations and Reflections," by H. HOLLAND, M.D., F.R.S. Physician Extraordinary to the Queen:—"I wish to suggest the value of a direct combination of tonics with aperients, a form of prescription which might well be brought into more general use. In the greater number of instances, weakness in the proper action of the bowels is the cause of costiveness, and in seeking to remove the effect by means which act through irritation only, we do but add to the mischief. The tonic conjoined with the aperient, enforces its action without weakening the organs." "This practice is of more especial value in these languid and strumous habits, in which strength and good digestion are so carefully to be maintained."

From G. G. SIGMOND, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Materia Medica to the ROYAL MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY, and Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine at Sydenham College, London.

"Sir—I must confess that your medicine is an excellent cordial aperient, but I think it is your duty, as a member of the Medical Profession, to make its composition public."

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,"

(Signed) "G. G. SIGMOND."

"24, Dover Street."

"To Dr. De S. Perrengton."

Central Depot, 44, Gerrard Street. Sold at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., at Sanger's, Oxford Street; 6, Bruton Street, Bond Street; Johnson's, Cornhill; Wilkinson's, Strand, & all Medicine Vendors.

CELEBRATED FOR BOYS' CLOTHING.

DOUDNEY AND SON,

49, LOMBARD STREET.—ESTABLISHED 1784.

Hussar Suits, 24s.; Best Cloth, 34s.—Camlet Cloaks, 8s. 6d.; Cloth ditto, 15s.

A GENTLEMANLY SUIT OF THE BEST QUALITY . . . £3 12 6

Superfine Dress Coat . . .	£2 7 6	Summer Trousers, new style	£0 10 6
Ditto Frock ditto, silk facings	2 10 0	Summer Waistcoats, ditto	8 7 0
Fishing or Shooting Coats	1 1 0	Suit of best Liveries	3 3 0
Morning Dressing Gowns	0 15 0	Army cloth Blue Spanish cloaks,	
Cloth or Buckskin Trousers	1 1 0	9½ yards round	2 10 0
Ladies' Riding Habits	4 4 0	The new Waterproof Cloak	1 1 0

CONTRACTS BY THE YEAR.

Two Suits per Year, Superfine	£7 7	—Extra Saxony, best that is made	£8 5
Three Suits per Year, ditto	10 17	—Extra Saxony, ditto	12 6
Four Suits per Year, ditto	14 6	—Extra Saxony, ditto	15 18

(THE OLD SUITS TO BE RETURNED.)

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN

Preferring their Clothes Fashionably made, at a FIRST-RATE LONDON HOUSE, are respectfully informed, that by a Post-paid Application, they will receive a Prospectus explanatory of the System of Business, Directions for Measurement, and a Statement of Prices. Or if Three or Four Gentlemen unite, one of the Travellers will be despatched immediately to wait on them.

49, LOMBARD-STREET.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

Now ready, beautifully printed on Drawing-paper, Part II., of

THE HANDS TO HUMPHREY'S CLOCK;

BEING

A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL SCENES & CHARACTERS IN "HUMPHREY'S CLOCK."

BY JACOB PARALLEL.

PARTS I. AND II. CONTAIN THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRATIONS:

The Broken Sword.
The Witches' Dance.
The Scene in the Curiosity Shop.

Quilp toasting Sophy Wackles.
Flight from the Racecourse.
Brass in Despair.

Misery of Nell and the Old Man.
Happiness of Nell and the Old Man.
Miss Sally "Practising the Law."

Quilp's Last Night.
The Pursuit.
Murder of Mr. Harredale.

AND PORTRAITS OF THE FOLLOWING CHARACTERS:

Master Humphrey
Nell
The Old Man
Fred. Trent

Mr. Quilp
Mrs. Quilp
Mr. Brass
Miss Brass

Dick Swiveller
The Single Gentleman
The Notary
Kit

Mr. Chuckster
John Podger
Will Marks
Hugh Graham

The Schoolmaster
The Bachelor
Mr. Garland
Mr. Abel

The Stoker
Mr. Varden
Mrs. Rudge
Barnaby Rudge.

"Bold, spirited sketches, full of 'right merrie' touches. Every one who has the 'Clock' should have the Hands."—*Lit. Gazette*.

"Jacob Parallel' has produced a series of very spirited and clever illustrations to the 'Clock.' They cannot fail to be highly acceptable to the readers and admirers of Boz's work."—*Times*.

"The talent 'Jacob Parallel' has displayed in these sketches, and the brilliant delineation of character, will ensure a large sale for the 'Hands to Humphrey's Clock.'"—*Herald*.

"This is a series of humorously conceived and faithfully executed illustrations to the 'Clock,' by 'Jacob Parallel.' They are alike worthy of the work they so well illustrate, and creditable to the talent and reputation of the Artist."—*Courier*.

"These 'Hands' are, upon the face of them, a very striking matter, and no 'Clock' ought to be wound up without them. They consist of illustrations by 'Jacob Parallel,' fully realising the de-

scriptions of 'Boz.' Altogether, these 'Hands' give the finish that was wanted to the 'Clock,' and the public will, we have no doubt, keep them going."—*Chronicle*.

"Very superior and characteristic illustrations to the 'Clock.' The grouping is throughout striking and effective, whilst each individual character is instantly recognised by its faithful delineation."—*Advertiser*.

"The cleverest series of illustrations, the production of one Artist, we have ever seen. The scenes are more rollicking and jovial, more graphic and humorous, are drawn with more natural and a deeper pathos, and evince a more extensive knowledge of 'men and things,' than any we have seen before. The free, dashing style of the Artist has imparted a gusto to every scene his pencil has touched, and we have no doubt his 'Hands' will become equally popular with the 'Clock.'"—*Sunday Times*.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES, MILLINERS, & DRESS-MAKERS.

On the 1st of every Month, price 1s.,

THE LADIES' GAZETTE OF FASHION;

Containing nearly 50 splendidly engraved, and superbly coloured, Figures of French and English Costume, consisting of Morning, Evening, Walking and Ball Dresses, Fancy Hats, Caps, Turbans, and Fashionable Millinery; ample letter-press Descriptions of the Engravings, Observations on the Changes in the Fashions; Original Tales, Poetry, &c., by distinguished Authors.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL.

In Numbers at 2d., Parts at 8d., or 3 vols. cloth at 5s. 6d. each,

THE LITERARY WORLD;

A Journal of Popular Information and Entertainment, conducted by JOHN TIMBS, Eleven years Editor of "The Mirror."

"A pleasing and instructive periodical, cheap in price, and elegantly got up."—*Observer*.

"An amusing and instructive, as well as liberally illustrated, periodical."—*Atlas*.

"The engravings are executed in clever style. The work is beautifully printed, and altogether got up in such taste as to ensure the encouragement of the reading public."—*Brighton Herald*.

"We like the appearance and spirit of our new &c contemporary vastly. The monument to Sir Walter Scott, at Edinburgh, is a very interesting engraving; and the literary contents are various, pleasant, and intelligent."—*Literary Gazette*.

"We think the wood engravings of superior execution."—*Spectator*.

"It is like a pleasant and well-informed companion, whose society enables one to keep pace with the 'improvement' of the day. The engravings are decidedly superior to those in any cheap periodical we have yet seen. We can conscientiously recommend *The Literary World* to our readers."—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.

"*The Literary World* seems to be conducted with judgment; it is got up in a very tasteful manner."—*Observer*.

In cloth lettered, price 3s.,

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE FRENCH LANGUAGE;

Containing a concise Grammar and the most useful Phrases and Idioms of the French Language, with copious Extracts for Reciprocal Translation. By EDWARD PEITHMAN, LL.D., F.R.S., Author of "The Practical Greek and Latin Grammars," "Elements of Latin Composition," "Practical French Grammar," and "Greek Anthology."

"* In the above work the Author has paid considerable attention to the pronunciation, and in a line of italics above the French words, has given the way in which each word should be sounded."

In 1 vol., price 11s., with Twenty Illustrations by "Jacob Parallel," or in 10 Parts, at 1s. each,

CHARLEY CHALK; OR, THE CAREER OF AN ARTIST.

Comprising a Narrative of his Adventures through Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, &c., describing the Eccentric Characters and Ludicrous Events which he encountered during his Vagabondage.

"Another Pickwick."—*Literary Gazette*.

"There is most excellent good humour in it; and the illustrations aid most effectually in its ambition of walking laughter. Character is hit off with spirit and an observing power."—*Post*.

"One of the most amusing periodicals we ever had the good luck to peruse. It is full of frolic and fun; the plates are superb."—*Observer*.

"Full of ludicrous scenes."—*Spectator*.

"Very vigorous and graphically written. The illustrations are full of humour."—*Standard*.

"A capital story, laughably illustrated."—*True Sun*.

* * The above work may be read at every Circulating Library in the Kingdom.

LONDON: G. BERGER, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND; and all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Price 7s. 6d. cloth,

THE PARLIAMENTARY & FORENSIC SHORT-HAND WRITER,

By which 140 WORDS AND UPWARDS A MINUTE on any subject can be written and read: containing a copious Appendix of the Contractions peculiar to the Houses of Parliament, and to the Courts of Law.

"A work of practical excellence. The system is of the highest advantage to all who have any interest in literature. The Appendix is of paramount importance to persons engaged in Law or Parliamentary pursuits."—*True Sun*, New Series, Dec. 1836.

"The plainest and most satisfactory work upon this very difficult subject it has yet been our fortune to see. It is a much greater power than would be required to take the most rapid speaker—even Thomas Babbleton Macaulay."—*Carlton Chronicle*, Sept. 1836.

Complete in 3 vols. cloth lettered, price 5s. each, illustrated by upwards of 150 superb Engravings, and Three beautifully executed Steel Portraits.

STAPLETON'S TALES OF THE WARS;

OR, NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE: consisting of Faithful Accounts of celebrated Land and Sea Battles, Anecdotes, and Biographical Notices of Naval and Military Commanders; and Narratives of some of those Romantic Adventures and Daring Exploits which occur in a life of warfare.

This day is published, price 5s., the Twenty-seventh Edition of

THE BOOK OF FATE;

Said to have formerly been in the possession of Napoleon, and to be an authentic Translation of an ancient Egyptian Manuscript, found in 1801, by M. Sonnini, in one of the Royal Tombs, near Mount Libycus, in Upper Egypt. By H. KIRCHENHOFER, Member of the University of Pavia.

CHEAPEST SCIENTIFIC WORK PUBLISHED.

Now publishing, in Weekly 1d. Numbers, or in Monthly Parts, price 6d., full of Original Papers and illustrative Engravings, treating on, and illustrative of, every new Achievement in Science and the Arts.

THE MECHANIC AND CHEMIST.

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES. Vol. I. of a new Series, commenced on the 4th of January, 1841.

Vols. I. to VI., uniformly bound in cloth, gilt lettered, each containing about Eighty Engravings, with a Steel Frontispiece, price 4s. 6d., continue on sale at the Publisher's, or may be had of any Bookseller.

"Pleasant 'sketches from real life.' The illustrations evince great power and humour."—*Sunday Times*.

"Charley will be no unsuccessful candidate for fame. The plates are capital."—*Age*.

"The only work fit to stand by the side of Boz, enriched as it is with admirable engravings from the humorous pencil of 'Jacob Parallel.'"—*Dispatch*.

"An exceeding spirited work, bidding fair to eclipse many of its rivals. The illustrations are superior to many in 'Nickleby.'"—*Satirist*.

"A most amusing work, admirably illustrated."—*Argus*.